

## What Kind of Love Is This Monica Brown

What kind of Love is it  
That every heart longs to find?  
Love that sets our spirits free  
and honors our dignity.

What kind of love is this?  
Where is it found?  
In the depths of every human heart.  
It is God's own love!

What kind of love is it?  
That goes beyond one's own self?  
Reaching out to those in need  
to care for them tenderly.

And what kind of love is it  
That our world hungers for?  
Could it be your love?  
Can you dare to let it be?

What kind of love is this?  
Where is it found?  
In the depths of your own heart.  
Yes, it's God's own love!

What kind of love is it  
That lasts for eternity  
That gives oh so faithfully  
And is willing to forgive?

Prayer Leader:

**Carol Kandiko**

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## Lovely and Radiant in God's Light



Photo from Pexels



Our prayer is characterized by silence ~

**Be still and know that I am God!**

In that silence we listen for a new word.  
God is present in all our lives.  
God cares for us, and  
our life experiences are a source  
of deepening knowledge of God and self.

Inspired by God's Word in the silence  
we share from our hearts.

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**To Ponder:** Barbara Fiand [On Becoming Who We Are](#)

Our God is a God within us and all around us. There is no distance between us and the Source of our being. We are enveloped by the Divine. God does not need to come “under our roof.” We really do not stand or kneel *before* “Him,” nor do we need to wonder about our unworthiness—a term, I believe, with which God is totally unfamiliar. One of my favorite mantras [is] “I in You and You in me.” It is a prayer of immanent presence and healing. To dwell in the recognition of this infinite tenderness is indeed grace, as Symeon, the New Theologian recognized already in the tenth century:

For if we genuinely love Him,  
we wake up inside Christ’s body  
where all our body, all over,  
every most hidden part of it,  
is realized in joy as Him,  
and He makes us utterly, real,  
and everything that is hurt, everything  
that seemed to us dark, harsh, shameful,  
maimed, ugly, irreparably damaged,  
is in Him transformed  
and recognized as whole,  
as lovely and radiant in His light  
we awaken as the Beloved  
in every last part of our body.

**Reading:** Leonard Nathan “So”

So you aren’t Tolstoy or Saint Francis  
or even a well-known singer of popular songs  
and will never read Greek  
or speak French fluently,  
will never see something no one else  
has seen before through a lens  
or with the naked eye.

You’ve been given just the one life  
in this world that matters  
and upon which every other life  
somehow depends as long as you live,  
and also given the costly gifts of hunger, choice,  
and pain with which to raise  
a modest shrine to meaning.



**Sharing...**

**a word...**

**a phrase...**

**a reflection...**